Arc, Then Ile leave you: you are a Beaſt now:
Pal. As thou makſt me, Traytour. (fumes:
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and ſhirts, and, per-
Ile come againe ſome two howres hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all.
Pal. A Sword and Armour:
Arc. Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you ſhall want nought;
Pal. Sir ha:
Arc. Ile heare no more. *Exit.*
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. *Exit.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iaylors daughter.*

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:
The Sun has ſeene my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the ſea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak ſprung, a ſound one, how they cry?
Vpon her before the winde, you'l looſe all els:
Vp with a courſe or two, and take about Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
A Carecke of a Cockle ſhell, and ſayle
By eaſt and North Baſt to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is truſt up in a trice
To morrow morning, Ile ſay never a word.

Sing. *For ile cut my greene coat, a foote above my knee,*
And ile clip my yellow lockes, an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,
He's buy me a white Cut forth for to ride
And ile goe ſeeke him, throw the world that is ſo wide
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breaſt
Againſt

Againſt. I ſhall ſleepe like a Top elſe.
Scæna 6. *Enter a Schoole maſter.* 4
Baum. 2. *or* 3 *wenches, with*
Sch Fy, fy, what tediouſity, & diſenſani
have my Rudiments bin labourd ſo long
ye, and by a figure even the very plum
my underſtanding laid upon ye? and do
and how, & wherfore? you moſt courſe
jave Iudgements, have I ſaide thus let b
and then let be, and no man underſtan
medius fidius, ye are all dunces: Fo
Here the Duke comes, there are you cloſ
Duke appeares, I meete him and unto
things, and many figures, he heares, and
then cries rare, and I goe forward, at len
up; marke there; then do you as once di
Bore break comly out before him: like t
ſelves in a Body decently, and ſweetly, by
turne Boyes.
1. And ſweetly we will doe it Maſter
2. Draw up the Company, Where's th
3. Why *Timothy*.
Tab. Here my mad boyes, have at ye.
Sch. But I ſay where's their women?
4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*.
2. And little *Luce* with the white legs
1. And freckeled *Nel*; that never faile
Sch. Wher be your Ribands maids? ſwyn
And carry it ſweetly, and deliverly
And now and then a fauour, and a friske
Nel. Let us alone Sir.
Sch. Wher's the reſt o'th Muſicke.
3. Diſperſd as you commanded.
Sch. Couple then
And ſee what's wanting; wher's the *Bavi*
My friend, carry your taile without offenc
Or ſcandall to the Ladies; and be ſure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood

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